DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXII., No. 2. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JANUARY 28, 1887. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

INSPIRING WORDS.

Genius is eternal patience.

Who said these words?

Michael Angelo.

No one could utter them better than himself, for through a long life he toiled constantly, laboriously, into his ninetieth year, when Death took him.

In March, 1475, in the castle of Caprese, was born a child whose father, a Florentine, was governor, or podesta, of the towns of Caprese and Chiusi. When the father returned to Florence, the little child Michael was left at Settignano, on an estate owned by his family, in a stone-mason's cottage, whose wife was the boy's nurse. As soon as he could use his hands, he began to draw pictures on the walls of the house. These pictures are still shown as remarkable; although at that time, I do believe the poor stone-mason's wife must have scolded just like any other woman, at her tidy walls being used as a background for the expressions of genius.

The father, Ludovico Buonarotti, had very little relish for the announcement that his son was destined to become an artist. He wanted him to be a scholar; but long before Father Buonarotti's day, had it been proved that genius will have its way. And so in 1488, when the lad was thirteen years of age, we find him engaged as pupil to Ghirlandaio. This Domenico Ghirlandaio, who was one of the best masters of Florence, was engaged in the restoration of the choir of S. Maria Novella, so that the young enthusiast was immediately surrounded by the most inspiring of great ideas. But, as often happens, alas!—for the possession of great talent does not exclude detestable faults—his rapid progress soon made his fellow-pupils frightfully jealous, and even the master himself. For one day, at the hour of dinner, the young Michael sketched the scaffolding and the painters upon it with such powerful and telling strokes that Domenico exclaimed passionately, "He understands more than I do!" which was soon proved true, for Michael drew on the drawings set for the pupils by the master, correct lines for incorrect ones. This probably did not increase the love between master and pupil.

The first picture produced by Michael Angelo of which we have mention, is an enlarged copy of "Temptation of St. Anthony," Schonganer's.

And here I want to mention to the young folks who are trying to do anything well, just this fact: One reason of Michael Angelo's success was, that he never left any means untried by which he might do his work in the best way possible. Remember he was but a boy at this time, but his soul was in his work. Afterward when he began to make the very marbles of Carrara speak, and the frescos of the Sistine Chapel to breathe life, that patient toil of years leaped triumphantly to its reward, for men looked upon it and called it genius.

Yes, this lad drawing his copy of the great picture, wishing to perfect himself in the study of fish, went to the fish-market and made his observations from life subjects, making all sorts of drawings of the scaly tribe, until he had mastered the art of expressing them on paper.

I cannot speak of his long and eventful life; his life so crowded with labor that an encyclopedia on art would be necessary to mention the works either completed or begun by him. Neither do I wish to here. I only desire to stimulate the young minds to study for themselves this grand old life of this master in art, while I give them the key-note to his life from which the melody was struck. It was work. Patient, steady work. Oftentimes in the face of failures, through disappointments, the hatred of rivals, and men's caprice. Still his artist-soul wrought on, to leave to time his vindication, and to the mouths of future generations his fame. Grand, solitary old man! As long as the tongues of Rome and Florence can speak for him, he is safe.

Another incident shows how faithfully he labored to produce naturalness in his subjects. Becoming acquainted with Lorenzo Dei Medici, then at the head of government in Florence, he was soon granted free admittance to the gardens of S. Marco, where the works of sculpture, cartoons and pictures were exposed. Several [illegible] were pupils here under old Bertoldi, the sculptor.

Michael Angelo now threw aside his paint brush and palette for the chisel, thereby increasing a thousand-fold his poor father's dismay, who thought it quite bad enough for his son to be a painter, but that he should become a stone-mason was a height of misery scarcely to be endured! One day the young man copied the mask of a faun, but he opened its mouth so that the teeth were seen. Lorenzo looking at it said, "Your faun is old, yet you have been good enough to leave him his teeth."

The next time Lorenzo visited the gardens he looked again at the faun. One tooth was out, yet so naturally, as if it had tumbled out from an extremely aged mouth, that the noble visitor was enchanted at the realistic success of the marble figure.

PORTRAIT OF MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

Michael Angelo was often sorrowful and alone. Living to such a great age, he saw many of his chosen friends and congenial companions die, and although after the death of Ludovic he wrote his sonnet so pathetically beginning,

Already had I wept and sighed so much,
I though tall grief forever at an end,
Exhaled in sighs, shed forth in bitter tears,

yet he had nothing weak in his nature. All was strong trust in God and obedience toward God.

About this time he wrote to his brother asking for information concerning some case needing aid, that he might supply it secretly. For he said that he wished to do good for the welfare of his soul, but particularly desired that no one might know it. He died as he had lived, keeping his grand soul open to infinite comprehension.

Michael Angelo! The name is a Beacon-Tower to all who would be true to Art in all her forms. Nay, more; it is a light through all the ages, to any who, toiling with the head, the hands, or the heart, desire to enroll in the band of noble workers.

Remember his words, Little Workers: "Genius is eternal patience."—*Margaret Sidney, in The Pansy.*

AN INTERESTING MISSION.

Among the most interesting of missionary premises anywhere, is the Moffat Institute at Keomman in South Africa. The mission station rises like an oasis amid a desert of mirage-producing sands. There are its fruit-trees, its pools of water, its growing corn, its village and its mission premises. The resident missionary is a son-in-law of the famous Robert Moffat. Moffat drained and cultivated this spot. His hands planted the healthy and varied fruit-trees that flourish there. Quinces, grapes, apples, pears, peaches of unsurpassed quality now abound. Thus Moffat turned his gardener's experience of early days to account. The mission buildings are of stone, and occupy the four sides of a square. The institute, in which ten youths are being educated for evangelistic work, is on the west side. North and south are the houses of the missionaries. On the east side is the home for the pupils. The chapel, ninety feet by twenty-five, is across the valley. There is a printing department at present issuing in the Batlaping dialect the Revised Version of the New Testament. The work is done by natives who, as skilled artisans, can take their place beside the printers of any other community. The whole premises cost about sixty thousand dollars.

GETTING GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

In the reign of Charles I., a nobleman who belonged to the Protestant party, was convicted of treason, deprived of all his estates, and cast into prison. There he began to study the Bible, and became a Christian. A friend came to condole with him on his fallen fortunes. But the imprisoned earl said, "No, congratulate me! I am a thousand times richer than before. Here in the dungeon I have come into the possession of such wealth and honors as I have never even dreamed of." The visitor thought he was crazy. But he had found the pearl of great price: he had become rich toward God. That full enjoyment of spiritual good he probably would not have experienced, had he not been deprived of worldly good. His seeming loss, therefore, was great gain.

AUBERT GALLION QUE
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TEN MILLIONS FOR MISSIONS.

A PRESBYTERIAN VIEW.

It is sadly evident that the Presbyterian Church in the United States is not doing what it might do for the salvation of our country and of the world.

The number of communicants, as reported to the General Assembly in 1885, was over 720,000. Many of them are women and children, but it is safe to estimate the number of families at 300,000. Each of these families has an annual income varying from $500 to $50,000 and over. Presbyterians are generally thrifty and in good circumstances. Very few of them are absolutely poor. It is safe, therefore, to put the average annual income of these 300,000 families at $1,000. Now, should not all of these families as stewards of the Lord, give at least five percent of their income to Him for His work at home and abroad? Well, five percent of $300,000,000—the gross income of our 300,000 families—is $15,000,000. But there are a great many rich Presbyterians in this country. Men whose income is above $5,000 a year ought to give a great deal more than five percent. If I earn $2,000 a year, and contribute $100 of that to the Church, living comfortably on $1,900 or less, my brother who earns or receives from his investments $10,000 a year, and whose living expenses need not be greater than mine, ought to contribute, not $500 in order to be even with me, but $8,100, for this leaves him $1,900 for family expenses. The special donations of the rich should increase the $15,000,000 to at least $17,000,000. Last year our congregational expenses, as reported, were about $7,500,000. Every body knows that these are higher than they need to be. But let us strike off only half a million for extravagant expenditures in music, etc. We then, having an aggregate income for the Lord's cause of $17,000,000, take $7,000,000 of it for congregational expenses, and there is left $10,000,000 for missions and Christian education—four times as much as we gave to those objects last year.

Does it seem incredible that our Church could quadruple its contributions to missions in a single year? Review the figures just presented. Is there any error in them? Is there anything unreasonable in claiming that every one who has given himself to the Lord should give one-twentieth of his income to the Lord?

The principal reason that our benevolent contributions are not four times greater, is that we neglect the gospel rule as laid down by Paul in 1 Cor. 16 : 2. We do not lay by in store, on the first day of the week, as God has prospered us. Suppose in our 300,000 Presbyterian families every Sabbath morning the question were asked, How much can we spare for the Lord from the income or earnings of this week? Or to put it in a better form, How much ought we to lay aside for the Lord of the money He has given us this week? Suppose this question were asked after family worship, when all hearts were aglow with communion with God! Would not $1 for the week seem quite small enough as a thank-offering in at least 290,000 of these homes? And are there not ten, or twice ten thousand where five times that amount would seem the merest pittance? In nearly all these homes is there not more than $1 expended every week for things not really needed? Could not $1 a week be saved in providing for the table, and yet the family have all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life? Could not $1 a week be saved in the family wardrobe and yet all its members be well dressed?

Ten millions a year for the salvation of the world! Why there are no less than 1,000,000,000 who have never heard the Gospel. For their evangelization our great church would give, year by year, a cent for each soul! A million of dollars for each one hundred millions who are perishing in their sins.

But while the field is the world our own country is to us the nearest and the most important portion of that field. Suppose that of the ten millions for missions we could have five millions next year to sustain our feeble churches, to explore new fields, to endow institutions of learning, to build houses of worship, to evangelize and educate the freedmen.—*The Interior.*

THE TONGUE of the wise useth knowledge aright: but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness.—*Proverbs* xv., 2.

IMPORTANT FACTS.

The following facts are gleaned from the London *Lancet*. We thus give the substance of elaborate articles, or important facts illustrative of more general truths.

It must be admitted that the will of inebriates is weakened and dulled by the general nervous anæsthesia, which forms an important consequence of alcoholism. In view of the degeneration of the brain and the resulting mental and moral failure, and the analogy with certain forms of insanity, the argument is not without force that the drunkard, and in some cases even his children, should be disqualified from the discharge of civil duties, and exculpated, as unsound in judgment, from the full penalty of their offences.

At the cost of fifty cents, the dresses of the whole household may be rendered incombustible by dipping them in a solution of tungstate of soda—one pound in two gallons of water. The most delicate color will not be effected by it, and the ironing will not interfere with the effectiveness of the process. In the case of starched dresses, instead of dipping them in the solution, to three parts of good dry starch add one part of tungstate of soda, and use the starch in the ordinary way. Ladies should decline to purchase light dress materials which are not shown to be practically fire-proof.

Two years ago an epidemic of sore throat broke out in England which soon showed an infectious character, and the schools had to be closed. The district was previously free from sore throat diseases of every kind. It was ascertained that the first cases had their milk from a particular farm. This being visited, it was found that, within a few months, there had been five separate attacks of foot and mouth disease, and that one cow was still suffering from it. There is evidence that diphtheritic sore throat has been communicated in the same way.

A regiment being lodged in new barracks, provided with unfiltered water from the Seine, forty of the soldiers were attacked with typhoid fever at the same time. On removing the regiment to the camp, the epidemic ceased.

In typhoid fever the fluid portion of the blood is lessened in quantity, and water should be taken as a medicine, as well as to relieve thirst.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE CLERGYMAN WARNED.

"Excuse me, sir, that bank ain't safe." The words were addressed to a gentleman in clerical attire, who, leaning against a big tree, was watching the water of a wide river as it ran among the reeds and water-lilies at the foot of the bank. He turned slightly at the words, and saw Abel Snawley, a laborer on the farm. He had just been paying a pastoral visit to Abel and his wife, both of whom seemed to him sunk in indifference and formalism. Their conception of their situation toward God was summed up in the notion that, if they were regular at church every Sunday morning, and were not guilty of open sin, they were "all right," and had no need of any "new-fangled notions about conversion which the new clergyman had brought into the parish." The visit had been a failure, and the preacher felt depressed as he stood there idly watching the river.

"Thank you, Abel," he said, as he rose to an upright position and moved away from the edge. "I had no idea it was dangerous. Is the river very deep here?"

"Not so very," said Abel, "but it's the reeds and the willows as makes it bad; they twine around your feet and hold you like a net, or mayhap trip you up, and you lie on your face and can't get up. I had a son drowned just there ten years ago. He was standing just where you were, and there was a slide, and in he went. We never knew till it was too late. I can't bear to see any one there ever since."

"And so you warn folks, eh, Abel? Well, that's kind of you, and just what I should expect of a good-hearted man. Why I might have slipped in and lost my life, just as your son did, if you had not taken the trouble to warn me."

"Don't mention it, sir. 'Tain't no trouble; it's duty, that is."

"Do you know, Abel," said the clergyman, as he turned and walked back with the old man, "that's just how I felt this morning when I came to your house? I felt you were standing in a dangerous place, and you did not know it was dangerous. Many have fallen in there and have been lost forever. I want you to be safe, so I came to warn you. That is my work, you know, to tell people of their danger. 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' You know who said that, Abel?"

"That's a new way of looking at it, sir. I'll think about it." And Abel did think of it, and sought and found safety in Christ. —*Christian Herald.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 6.

LOT'S CHOICE.—GEN. 13 : 1-13.

COMMIT VERSES 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.—Matt. 6 : 33.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Brotherly love brings peace to the community and blessings to the soul.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Gen. 13 : 1-18.
T. Ps. 133 : 1-3.
W. I Cor. 13 : 1-13.
Th. Phil. 2 : 1-15.
F. Rom. 12 : 10-21.
Sa. Matt. 6 : 24-34.
Su. Prov. 1 : 10-33.

CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.—We now are in the dawn of secular history. Egypt was near the height of its grandeur. Babylonia and Chaldea had been founded 400 years before this. Tyre and Sidon had been built and had a large commerce. Greece had already begun to be settled.

INTRODUCTION.—In our last lesson we began the study of Abraham, the father of the chosen people, and followed his journeyings to the Promised Land, and his encampment near Bethel. After a time he went further south, and, in a time of famine he went down into Egypt. Our lesson begins with his return from that country after no very long sojourn there.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. ABRAM . . . OUT OF EGYPT—Abram, in his fear of the great despot, Pharaoh, deceived the king to save his life, and got into trouble; but God helped him, and he soon left Egypt for the land to which God had sent him. THE SOUTH—a proper name, the Negeb, the country south of Palestine. 3. BETHEL—twelve miles north of Jerusalem. HAI—Ai, five miles to the east (see last lesson). TENT . . . AT THE BEGINNING—his first dwelling-place, the place from which he started for Egypt. He probably did not stop long at Shechem, his first station in Palestine. 6. LAND . . . NOT ABLE TO BEAR THEM—not pasturage enough for such large flocks and herds. 7. STRIFE—to get the best pastures and wells. 8. BRETHREN—Lot was nephew and brother-in-law to Abraham. They were also brethren in religion, in feeling, in race. 9. IS NOT THE WHOLE LAND, etc.—this land was all promised to Abraham, but he yields every right of his own. He is generous, loving, self-denying. 10. THE PLAIN OF THE JORDAN—the wide valley through which the Jordan runs. GARDEN OF THE LORD—the Garden of Eden. EGYPT—the most fertile land then known. ZOAR—rather Zor; not the Zoar to which Lot afterwards fled, near the Dead Sea, but the border land of Egypt, its richest portion, through which Lot came on his way home from Egypt.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Of what nationality was Abraham? Why did he come into Canaan? Who came with him? In what places did he settle? How long ago did these things occur?

SUBJECT: BROTHERLY LOVE.

I. THE RETURN FROM EGYPT (vs. 1-4).—Why did Abraham go down into Egypt? (12 : 10.) Into what sin did he fall there? How was he punished for it? Does his conduct afterwards show that he thoroughly repented? To what place did he return? In what circumstances? How did he show his gratitude and repentance?

Had Abraham reason to fear Pharaoh? Did he tell a lie? Had he the same light upon duty as we have? Were these things excuses for his conduct? Was his sin the fruit of weakness of faith? Why does the Bible record the weaknesses of its saints and heroes? Could God use this experience of Abraham in making him better and stronger in faith?

II. THE OCCASION OF STRIFE (vs. 5-7).—Between whom did a quarrel arise? About what? Why was the land less able to sustain Abraham and Lot than when they were there a few years before?

What other inhabitants were in the land? Why is this fact mentioned? Should the fact that unbelieving men are observing us make us more careful how we act? Why?

III. THE STRIFE AVERTED BY BROTHERLY LOVE (vs. 8, 9).—Who made the first advances toward peace? What generous proposal did Abraham make? What reason did he give? Had Abraham the first right to the land? (12 : 7.) Was it not just as much Lot's duty as it was Abraham's to be generous? Show how duty, love and faith were manifested in Abraham's conduct? How did God reward him? (13 : 14-17.)

Show how the following Scriptures were fulfilled in Abraham:—Matt. 5 : 9; Prov. 15 : 1; Rom. 12 : 10, 18, 24; 1 Cor. 13 : 4-8; Heb. 13 : 1; Ps. 133; Matt. 6 : 31-34.

IV. THE UNWISE CHOICE (vs. 10-13).—Which part of the land was the most fertile? What is said of it? What objection was there to it? Why did Lot choose it? Was it right for him to go there? Did he go further than he intended at first? (Comp. v. 12 l. c. with 14 : 12.) Did this choice injure Lot's character? Did he gain happiness by it? (2 Pet. 2 : 7, 8.) In what two ways did he lose the very wealth he sought? (14 : 1, 11, 12; 19 : 17.)

In what ways do men now "pitch their tent toward Sodom"? Is it right to make companions of bad men for the sake of worldly advantages? Was Paul injured, or are missionaries made worse by dwelling among the heathen? Why not? Sum up the gains and losses Lot made by his choice.

Show [illegible] following Scriptures apply to Lot:—1 Cor. 15 : 33; 2 Thess. 3 : 6, 14, 15; 1 Cor. 5 : 9-11; Ps. 1 : 1; Prov. 1 : 10-16; 4 : 14; 13 : 20; 22 : 24, 25; 2 Cor. 6 : 14-18; Rev. 18 : 4.

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 13.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH ABRAM.—GEN. 15 : 5-18.

COMMIT VERSES 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Fear not, Abram, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward.—Gen. 15 : 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Faith the source of righteousness and blessing.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Gen. 14 : 1-24.
T. Gen. 15 : 1-21.
W. Rom. 4 : 1-14.
Th. Rom. 4 : 15-25.
F. Ex. 6 : 1-13.
Sa. Gal. 3 : 5-29.
Su. James 2 : 14-26.

INTRODUCTORY.—Soon after Lot went toward Sodom, Abraham went thirty miles south to Hebron. For a few years all seemed to go well with Lot and then the great eastern nations came down upon Sodom, and sacked the cities of the plain, and carried away captive Lot, his family and his property. Abraham soon heard of it, and being as brave as he was good, he took his 318 armed servants, pursued after the retreating army, and by a sudden night attack, rescued Lot and recovered his property. Even this lesson did not make Lot remove from Sodom.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Abraham seems to have been discouraged. (1) There may have been reaction from his heroic exploit; (2) disappointment that Lot went back to Sodom; (3) fear that the great kings from whom he had rescued Lot would return and destroy him and his; (4) delay of the promise. God, therefore, gives him his promise of protection in a vision, and confirms it with a sign. 5. TELL THE STARS—about 5,000 stars are visible to the naked eye, but no one can tell the exact number. The stars seen by telescope are innumerable. There are 18,000,000 in the Milky Way alone. Some of the nebulæ are supposed to be systems of stars as large as the one to which our nightly heavens belong. SO SHALL THY SEED BE—his natural and also his spiritual descendants (Gal. 3 : 7, 29). 6. COUNTED IT TO HIM FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS—accepted it in the place of good deeds he could not do, but would do if he could. It was regarded by God as real goodness, for it was the source and soul of real goodness. It is what we most desire in our children. If they trust and love us, all else we ask will come. 10. DIVIDED, etc.—the animals were divided lengthwise, and the pieces ranged in two rows. 11. FOWLS—birds of prey: eagles, hawks, vultures. DROVE THEM AWAY—this ceremony was begun in the morning, and Abraham watched all day. So should we drive away the worldly thoughts and evil suggestions that would interrupt our hours of devotion. 13. FOUR HUNDRED YEARS—a round number for the 430 years from Abram's call to the Exodus, or the exact number from Isaac to the Exodus. (See Acts 7 : 1; Gal. 3 : 17.) 14. JUDGE—execute judgments, as the ten plagues on Pharaoh. 15. GOOD OLD AGE—175 years. 17. SMOKING FURNACE—circular fire-pot, from which came THE BURNING LAMP, i.e., a flame like a torch. Probably it was the divine fire that consumed the divided sacrifices, a sign of acceptance and permanency, for the parts burned together could never be separated again. 18. RIVER OF EGYPT (the Nile) TO EUPHRATES—fulfilled in Solomon's time. (1 Kings 4 : 21.) It always belonged to Israel, whether they kept possession or not.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What choice did Lot make in our last lesson? Where did Abraham then go? (13 : 18.) What misfortune befell Lot for going to Sodom? (14 : 1-12.) Give an account of his rescue by Abraham. (14 : 13-16.) Why is true piety brave?

SUBJECT: THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

I. THE TRIALS OF FAITH.—How long had it been since the first call and promise of Abraham? Had he either the promised land or the promised descendants? What had he reason to fear from the kings he had attacked? May he have been disappointed that Lot went back to Sodom? (19 : 1.)

What time of discouragement had Elijah? (1 Kings 19 : 1-4.) What had John the Baptist? (Matt. 11 : 2-6.) Are any without such seasons?

II. ENCOURAGEMENTS TO FAITH (v. 5).—In what way did God speak to Abraham? (15 : 1.) What did he say? How was God his shield? His exceeding great reward? How would this promise comfort and strengthen the patriarch? What troubled him in relation to the former promise in chap. 13 : 15, 16? (v. 2.) What sign did God give him now? Who are Abraham's seed?

How many stars are visible to us? Can any one count the actual number of the stars? How could the stars be a sign to Abraham? Compare it with the rainbow sign to Noah. Are the brightness, steadfastness of the stars, and the fact that they shine in the dark, a part of the sign? In what sense are all believers children of Abraham? (Gal. 3 : 7-29.) Can these be counted? Name some of the encouragements God gives to sustain our faith, better than visions or signs.

III. THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF FAITH (vs. 6, 7).—How did Abraham receive the promise and sign? Why did it require great faith to believe God's promise? What is faith? How was it counted unto him for righteousness? How does Paul use this verse? (Rom. 4 : 1-5, 16-18.) How did James use it? (James 2 : 17-24.) Did Abraham show his faith by his works whenever it was possible? Give examples. (12 : 1-4; 22 : 18.) How did such faith honor God? Why did God refer to the past in v. 7?

IV. THE COVENANT OF FAITH (vs. 8-18).—Describe the ceremonies of the covenant? What interfered with the silent worshippers during the day? (v. 11.) What birds of prey interfere often with our devotions? (Luke 8 : 5, 12, 14; Matt. 15 : 19.) What glimpse of the future did God give Abraham? How was the covenant completed? What is God's covenant with us? (Gal. 2 : 16; 3 : 22; Heb. 9 : 12-14.) What is our part? (John 3 : 14-16.) Does God ever disappoint those who trust in him?

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ABUSE OF TEA.

All drugs which in small doses slightly stimulate or tranquilize, are harmful in large doses. Paregoric is a mild sedative, but the terrible condition of the confirmed opium-eater is well known. Chloral when introduced was gratefully welcomed by physician and patient, but the excessive use of it has changed it to a curse. Even cocaine, the youngest and seemingly the most innocent of all, has already its victims.

A law that holds good of all such drugs is the following, *viz:* that the desired effect does not continue to be derived from the quantity which was at first used, but that the system, becoming partially habituated to its use, requires that the quantity be steadily increased, while the injurious results increase in the same ratio. Hence, all use tends to abuse.

The above is true of that beverage which "cheers but not inebriates." We should expect it to be true of tea from its nature, and facts prove it to be so. The abuse of tea in a multitude of cases, and the consequent injurious effect, are vastly beyond what are generally supposed.

When tea is analyzed, it is found to contain two powerful principles, or characteristic substances: tannic acid and theine. The former is the astringent familiarly known as tannin. It is this, obtained from bark, which hardens skin into leather. Theine is a violent poison. Probably both the tannic acid and the theine concur in producing the effect which comes from excessive tea-drinking.

This is twofold. It is partly on the digestive and partly on the nervous system—in the first case giving rise to atonic dyspepsia, and in the second to irritability, palpitation of the heart, wakefulness, and brain fatigue. Says the *British Medical Journal*, "The sufferers from excessive tea-drinking may be grouped into three classes:

"(1) The large class of pure brain-workers, who speedily discover that while alcohol is pernicious to them, tea affords the stimulus they desire. They indulge in it without fear of mischief, and often to an unlimited extent. After a time, the neurotic symptoms make their appearance, and, in many cases, do much to impair temper, and to limit the capacity for sustained usefulness.

"(2) The large class of women of the better classes who begin with afternoon tea often end by using their favorite stimulant in the intervals between all meals of the day. The result is that appetite is impaired, and the prostration due to insufficient nourishment is combated with more potations.

"(3) Factory operatives, especially women who, finding it difficult to provide a cheap and appetizing mid-day meal, fly to the teapot, and do a large amount of physical labor on this miserable dietary."—*Youth's Companion.*

BE ALWAYS SINCERE.

A mother of five children—the youngest twelve years old—is perplexed and mortified over the fact that her children are inveterate liars, the mother is ordinarily truthful, the father is an exemplary Christian. The solution of the mystery is a very simple one; when the children were very small, they were given a daily airing in Central Park. The mother frequently disputed with the conductor about the fare of her four-year olds, often succeeding in passing them free when they were fully six years old. Some years ago the matter was discussed by the mother and an observant reader of human nature, the discussion closed with the mother in anger at these words: "If your children grow up to be liars and cheats charge it to the money you owe the 3rd. Ave. R. R., it is a costly economy you are practising; if you cannot afford to pay, walk, but don't tell lies before your children."

The mischief is done, the children in manners are admirable; in general obedience are exemplary, in looks and health are enviable, but "They are such terrible liars," say the cousins and the neighbors; "They are such mean little cheats," say the schoolmates; "Such treacherous, tricky pupils," say the teachers, and so, the building, although of fine material and with charming surroundings is very crooked and unsightly, because of that flaw in the foundation; however skilfully it may be patched the blemish will always show, the weak spot will always be there.

Dear mother, to whom that crowning joy has just been given, be sure that in all things you are ever sincere with your child; begin your building with truth for your corner-stone, all other graces of life grow out of that.

Deception in many and cruel forms will assail your children after they have left your arms, give them a vivid memory of a sincere mother, out of which they will fashion for themselves an armor more invincible and more beautiful than was ever hammered out for old time knights by the most cunning workmen. When bitter disappointments make them wonder if there is not a possibility of truth's elimination from all things mundane, remembering you, they will say, "Mother was true, truth is not dead;" and they will take up their work with new courage.

How many mothers are asking this same question, as their little love blossoms cuddle in their arms? I would like to take each by the hand and say: "Be always sincere." Truth is to life, the finer's crucible, the builder's foundation, the artist's touch, the poet's spirit, the servant's integrity and the mother's power. It is, of all the possibilities with which the Great All Father has endowed us, most to be prized and nurtured. It was of the sincere mother that Solomon said, "Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—*American Kindergarten.*

BREAD.

The very foundation of living in ordinary families is the bread. Substitutes of all kinds are, from time to time, proposed to the civilized world, but the world fails to grasp the new idea and asks still for daily bread. Some find their taste suited more precisely by a proper and penitential admixture of bran, but it continues to be bread all the same. A "raising" of bread is a delicate and notional affair. Time, temperature and many other things conspire against its lightness and whiteness. In giving any tried recipe for its production the first named ingredient must be good judgment. Having this as a beginning good yeast may next be mentioned. Yeast is now a commodity that can be picked up at any grocer's or baker's. The yeast of our mothers was a more difficult matter, and it is believed by many to have made better bread. The mother I refer to boiled two large potatoes in a quart of water and afterward mashed them through a sieve or collander to ensure perfect fineness. She then boiled a *big pinch* of hops in the potato water; that is, as many as she could grasp in her four fingers and thumb. If the water boiled away she made it up to a quart, added one-half a cup of sugar and set it to rise. As it rose she stirred it down two or three times to prevent its breaking the bottle it was saved in. She bottled and corked tightly and set it in a cool place. In winter the yeast kept one month, and the same time in summer when near ice. Where there was no ice it was made oftener and less in quantity. The hops may be omitted if not liked. One teacup of yeast is allowed to a family baking for five persons. It may be added that our mothers generally doubled the rule and made for a family of ten, but "those were the good old days," and in this generation it may be necessary to halve the rule.

Dry yeast is made the same way as potato yeast, with a little more flour and further thickened with Indian meal enough to make cakes. It should be dried quickly and tied up in a bag to keep. Having the judgment and the yeast, it remains to combine them with flour so as to sustain the life of your family. Take three quarts of Haxall flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one quarter of a teaspoonful of druggist's bi-carbonate of soda, one cupful of the potato yeast, and warm water sufficient to knead, not too soft, a firm elastic mass; knead and hack with a knife for fifteen minutes. Cover it tightly in a large pan, and set in a warm place over night. The covering is of great importance. Early in the morning (no lying in bed for a good bread maker), knead the rising dough in one lump thoroughly, and let it rise again—a fact which will be accomplished in about one hour to an hour and a half. Mould into loaves, rub a little melted butter over each loaf, and bake in a moderate oven one hour. Medium sized loaves are most useful. Bread of this sort will prove wholesome and palatable for any human being who has no dangerous malady to contend with. It has no acid reaction.

Another comfortable fashion of our mothers was the "salt rising" bread, yeast, bread and all being one job. They took one pint of very warm, not scalding water, stirred in warm flour to the consistency of a thick batter; one teaspoonful of salt, and a big teaspoonful of Indian meal. Covered and kept warm at an even temperature for five hours, careful not to scald. Mix with warm water and flour to a hard dough; raise one-half hour. Knowing as our mothers are now, their earlier bread-making days were in many cases unmarked by signs of budding culinary genius, as when the particular mother who gives these recipes in the guileless innocence of her first baking, produced nine large loaves for herself and husband, that being the count for her mother's family. The omen was bad, as the sole, lonely addition to the two persisted in eating the bread of idleness the greater number of her days, and made no other bread.—*Herald of Health.*

HOW NOT TO TRAIN A CHILD.

"What is auntie telling baby?"

"Auntie tellin' baby sec'ets. Baby mustn't tell."

"Oh! baby will tell mamma!"

"No, baby mustn't tell. Auntie says baby mustn't tell."

"What! Baby won't tell mamma? Mamma give baby some sugar" (coaxingly).

But baby shakes her curly head and refuses the dearly loved bribe, though evidently very much disturbed in her mind between the rival attractions of sugar and loyalty to auntie.

"Won't you tell mamma? Poor mamma will cry."

Then the more than foolish mother puts her handkerchief to her face, and with forced sobs and pretended tears, works on her baby's feelings. The child hesitates, the little lip quivers, the litttle bosom heaves; then what the bribe could not do the pretended grief accomplishes. "Don't k'y, I tell 'ou." And, says *Babyhood*, the little one in a moment more has had stamped on her impressionable brain a lesson of bribery from her mother, to be false to her given word. Auntie laughs lightly, and shakes her finger, saying, "O baby! baby! aunty won't trust you very soon again." And the child looks from auntie to mamma, from mamma to auntie, with a vague feeling of discomfort and wonder. She can but feel that she has betrayed her trust, and when she looks in mamma's face, she feels (though, of course, she does not form it in her mind) that she, too, has been betrayed. She knows that mamma has shed no tears, and that all her sobs have been pretended. But then her mother and aunt laugh, so it must be funny, and she perforce laughs too.

RECIPES.

Brown Betty.—Lay in a pudding dish, first, a layer of finely sliced apples, sugared to taste and dusted over with powdered cinnamon; next, a layer of coarsely crumbled bread, buttered at intervals. Alternate these layers until the dish is full. Let the last layer consist of apples cut in eights. Pour on sufficient water to moisten the whole. Cover and set in the oven. When the apples on top are tender, remove the cover and cook until brown. Serve hot without sauce.

Apple Pudding.—An apple pudding can be made by dipping eight thick slices of stale bread in cold water, buttering them, lining the sides of a buttered two-quart dish with the bread, filling the dish with sliced apples, sprinkling a cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon and half a cupful of water into the dish, covering the dish with a large plate, and baking in a very moderate oven for three hours. Let it cool for half an hour; then turn out on a warm dish, and serve with sugar and cream.

Plain Rice Pudding.—Wash half a cupful of rice in three waters and soak it in cold water for two hours. Drain off the water, and add a level teaspoonful of salt, a slight grating of nutmeg, two tablespoonsful of sugar, half a cupful of stoned raisins and one quart of milk. Cook in a very moderate oven for two hours, stirring twice in the first half-hour. At the end of two hours add half a pint of cold milk; stir well, and cook for an hour longer. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

Boston Brown Bread.—Mix two cups of rye flour and one cup of yellow corn meal. Add one teaspoonful of salt, one heaping teaspoonful of soda dissolved in nearly a cup of molasses; add cold water, and stir and beat very thoroughly till you have a medium stiff batter, not too stiff, as the meal swells, and the bread would come out hard and unsatisfactory. Put in a buttered pan, smooth the top of the loaf, and steam at least four hours; then dry off in the oven for twenty minutes. This amount makes one good-sized loaf. Unbolted rye is the best, but when not obtainable, the rye flour is a fair substitute.

Tapioca Pudding.—Four tablespoonfuls of tapioca soaked for two hours in tepid water. When the tapioca has softened, add a quart of cold water, pinch of salt, tablespoonful of molasses and two large apples, peeled, cored and sliced. Place in a covered dish and bake in the oven for two hours, stirring occasionally; then remove the cover, still stirring. In half an hour the pudding should be a deep brown. Pour into another dish and serve hot with hard sauce. The hard sauce is made by beating to a cream one cup of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of boiling water. *Flavor with lemon or vanilla.*

Cold Meat Recipes.—Chop mutton, veal or beef as fine as for hash; fry for a few moments in salt-pork drippings. Take from the fire, and, *in the same frying-pan, make a rich cream gravy*, if cream is a possibility; if it is not, use milk, thickening it with corn-starch, and adding a generous lump of butter. Pour half of the gravy into a pan over the fire, thin it with hot water; dip in it slices of well-browned toast; lay the moistened toast upon a flat dish and set it in a warm place. Into the thick cream gravy (or its imitation) put the minced meat; cook it five minutes, then spread it upon the toast.

Mince raw, lean beef as fine as possible. Unless it is almost impalpably fine the dish will not be a success, and, where a kitchen is not provided with a sausage cutter, it is best to have it chopped at a pork shop. When it is fine enough, pound it with a potato-masher, season with salt and pepper, and to two pounds of beef add two well-beaten eggs and one cup of cracker-dust, or sifted bread crumbs; moisten with soup-stock, or water, *if no stock is at hand; mould with the* hands into cakes an inch thick and fry in very little butter. In spite of the mode of cooking, these cakes are relished, and eaten with impunity by dyspeptics. If properly made, they are very nice indeed.

If you have some cold mashed potato, steam it, or warm in the oven in a covered pan, and, when it is hot, whip it up with a well-beaten egg. Put some hot, well-seasoned minced meat into a flat, oval dish, heap it up into a mound and surround it with a slim wall of the mashed potato. Make the potato smooth with a spoon; wash it over with a quill, or a broad-bladed knife dipped *in beaten egg; take a very hot stove lid* (unless you have a glazing iron) and hold it over the potato till the egg-coating turns a beautiful golden brown.

PUZZLES.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

You'll find me in *Quaker*, not *given to war*,
You'll find me in *living*, according to law.
You'll find *me in girlhood*, so full of sweet grace.
You'll find me in *gleesome*, and fairness of face.
You'll find me in *witches*, the time-honored sprite.
You'll find me in *tempest*, they brewed in the night.
You'll find me in *fairies*, the good little elves.
You'll find me in *labor*, on all pantry shelves.
You'll find me in *farmer*, who works in the soil.
You'll find me in *laughter*, in spite of the toil.
You'll find me in *lawyers*, as busy as bees.
You'll find me in *quibbles*, for sake of rich fees.
You'll find me in *boycott*, when things do not suit.
You'll find me in *righting*, but don't make law mute.

ADJECTIVE PUZZLE—SELECTED.

	Positive.	Comparative.	Superlative.
1.	One that pries.	That points.	Tasty.
2.	Reward for services.	What a clear conscience does not know.	What gourmands love.
3.	An extremity.	Rent.	May be eaten or drank.
4.	Yourselves.	One of Father Time's children.	In your ancestor's daily bread.
5.	Something you might be afraid to hear.	An ignoramus.	A lift.

INITIAL CHANGES.

I am a temple; change my initial and I am a reed; again, I am the inhabitant of a country in Europe; again, I am a woman's name; again, I am part of a horse; again, I am a narrow walk; again, I am a square of glass; again, I am sound, healthy; again, I show the direction of the wind; again, I decrease; again, I am a poison; once again, and I am the name of an Arctic explorer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

Enigma.—Let your yea be yea and your nay, nay.

Square Word.

R a i n
A n n a
I n k o
H a s h

DEFECTIVE SENTENCES.

1. That man is so lean he looks as if he should have something to lean upon.
2. Give me that pen, and see that the sheep are in the pen.
3. I fear that he will run away to hide, and will take with him this hide.
4. What I mean is, that his conduct was mean.
5. I shall not pine for the possession of this pine.
6. The cast of a die will decide whether he shall die or not.
7. Place these men in a row and tell them to row.

The Family Circle.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its walls;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting:
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled,—
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered,—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered,

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

"DON'T FORGET."

Written by Maude Tate, Brookfield, Manorhamilton, Co. Leitrim, Ireland.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh! Madge, how I envy you, going off for a whole month to the country, where you will have nothing to do but amuse yourself from morning till night," said Nannie Warren as she stood by the door of the railway carriage where her sister was seated.

"If I thought you envied me I should not enjoy my visit much," returned Madge, a tall, slight girl, with a fair, oval face, lit up by beautiful dark blue eyes—eyes that, as she spoke to her sister, gave a wistful, lingering look along the crowded platform.

"Oh! well, you know, I don't grudge you your visit," laughed Nannie. "But we shall all miss you so much. You are mother's right hand, so it goes without saying that she will miss you."

"Don't let her miss me," interrupted Madge. "Nan, dear, try and make the evenings bright and cheerful for her."

"Yes, I know," said Nan; "and I wish I had your knack of doing things: but the boys, at all events, think I shall never arrive at that. While as for the twins, they are like little lambs with you, but with me they are as wild and unmanageable as untamed monkeys."

"Try being more gentle with them, and enter more into their little world, and they will soon resume their lamb-like condition," said Madge, laughing.

"To secure that desirable state of things I must become more Madge-like," said Nannie. "And—oh, good morning, Dr. Ellis!" she added, shaking hands with a gentleman who had just come up.

"Good morning, Miss Nan!" he responded, and then turned to Madge, into whose cheeks a pink flush had mounted—"such a race as I've had," he said, after greeting her. "And I was afraid I would be too late after all."

"Are you travelling by this train?" asked Madge demurely.

"I only wish I was!" he returned, looking up into her bright sunny face.

"Dr. Ellis, are you ill!" asked Nannie suddenly. "You are as white as a ghost, and your eyes look as if they had not got half enough sleep. Were you up with a patient last night?"

The young man colored a little under Nannie's scrutinizing glance, and avoiding looking up at either of the girls, he said—

"No, Miss Nan, I was not up with a patient; but we had a meeting at the Club, and it was most unconscionably late when we broke up."

Then turning to Madge, he added, in a lower tone—

"I intended to have gone to see you last night, but the Club meeting prevented me. Will you let me go down to Brierly? If you say 'yes' I shall ask your mother's permission also."

The engine here gave a shrill whistle, and the train began to move slowly out of the station. Madge glanced shyly at her eager questioner, while a bright color dyed her cheeks.

"Say I may go, Madge," he pleaded, keeping his hand on the handle of the door and walking along the platform.

"If mother permits, you may," she said; and then the train glided swiftly away, and Dr. Ellis, returning to Nannie, escorted her home, and meeting Mrs. Warren, asked and obtained her permission to visit Madge at Brierly.

Mrs. Warren was a widow with six children. Her husband had died soon after the twins were born, leaving his family very badly provided for. Madge, as Nannie had said, was her mother's right hand. She had taken entire charge of the twins from their birth, and was, in fact, sole manager in their small household.

Her mother at length becoming uneasy at her thin, delicate appearance, insisted upon her taking a holiday. Madge, after some resistance, consented, and as she had a long-standing invitation from a cousin living in the country, she wrote apprising her of her visit.

About a year before our story opens, Dr. Ellis had purchased a practice in the Warrens' neighborhood. He was a tall, good-looking young fellow of about twenty-eight, with a frank, kindly manner that won him many friends. From the first it was evident that he and Madge were mutually attracted; and as the train bearing her to Brierly sped swiftly on its way, she thought with a smile and a blush of his intended visit, and of the "something important" he had to say to her, feeling happier than she had ever been in her life before.

But yet there was a little cloud on her bright horizon. True, it was only a tiny speck as yet, but there was a danger of its increasing; and Dr. Ellis's pale looks, and heavy, slightly bloodshot eyes, as he said "Good-bye" to her, helped to darken it.

When Madge got out at the little country station, she looked eagerly about for her cousin, Mrs. Lawrence, whom she had not seen since she was married, five years before, but, to her surprise, could not see the well-remembered face.

"You are Madge, I think!" said a soft voice behind her.

"Yes, I am Madge," she said. "Did Mrs. Lawrence send you to meet —— Why!" looking more closely at her—"I do believe you are Mary!"

"Have I changed so much?" said Mrs. Lawrence, with a sad smile.

"You are more like the old Mary when you smile, and I remember your eyes, but —" and Madge stopped in some confusion.

"Let me introduce you to my little Daisy," said Mrs. Lawrence. "Daisy, this is your cousin Madge, whom I have so often spoken to you about."

"Cousin Mads," lisped Daisy, a lovely child of four, who had been peeping at Madge from behind her mother's skirts, and now, coming nearer, gazed shyly up at her with her big brown eyes.

"You darling!" said Madge, kissing the sweet little face; "I hope we shall be great friends."

"Yes; and you may play with my dolly," said Daisy, slipping her hand into her cousin's.

"I am sure cousin Madge will be delighted to avail herself of the permission," said Mrs. Lawrence, laughing. "Now, Madge, if you have seen your luggage taken out, we will go home. You must be tired, but we have not far to walk."

The village consisted of one long, straggling street, and when they had walked about half way through it Mrs. Lawrence stopped before a small, shabby-looking house, and, as she opened the door with a latch key, observed to Madge—

"We lived in a larger house when we came to Brierly first, but we were obliged to change."

Mr. Lawrence was a solicitor, and at the time he and Mary were married had established a very good practice at Brierly. Theirs had been a love match, and for the first few months Mary's bright dreams of happiness were fully realized. Her home was a little paradise, and her husband as loving and devoted as ever a woman had. But alas, a change soon came. The demon drink by degrees took possession of Edward Lawrence, changing him, as it never fails to change those who give themselves up to it.

Poor Mary wept and expostulated in vain, and prayed, as she had never prayed before, to Him whose ears are ever open to His children's cry, that her husband might be led to give up drink.

After a little, the household expenditure had to be curtailed, and Mary economized in every possible way, but soon her once happy home became stripped of all its luxuries and comforts. Then they had to move into a smaller house, and a short time before Madge arrived the servant was dismissed.

Edward Lawrence had once been a handsome man, but now no remains of good looks could be traced in his bloated face and bleared, bloodshot eyes. Madge, of course, soon discovered the grim spectre that was wrecking poor Mary's home, although for the first few days after her arrival Edward kept perfectly sober, and endeavored in his naturally good-natured manner to make her visit an enjoyable one. He was passionately fond of his little daughter, and during these few happy days Daisy and he were almost inseparable. Mary's sad eyes brightened as she watched them, and a longing hope filled her heart for the sake of his little daughter he would, with God's help, forsake the wine cup.

But, alas! his love for drink proved stronger than his love for wife or child, and the fifth day after Madge's arrival he was brought home helplessly intoxicated. He fell headlong into the little hall as soon as the door was opened, and Madge, who came running out of the parlor on hearing the noise, felt as if she never could forget poor Mary's look of hopeless agony.

Between them they dragged the senseless man to his bedroom, where, after putting him on the bed, they left him to his drunken sleep.

When Mary had calmed a little she told Madge the whole miserable story of her husband's temptation and fall.

"A man who allows the love of drink to grow on him, and to give way to it, is the most contemptible creature in existence!" said Madge, with flashing eyes. "Mary, this life is killing you! Something must be done. Darling, you and Daisy must come home with me. Mother, and all of us, would be so glad to have you."

"What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," said Mary softly. "I thank you from my heart, Madge, for your loving sympathy, but my place is with my husband. You know I took him for better, for worse, and I have not given up hoping yet that he will reform, for I know, Madge, that nothing is impossible with our Heavenly Father."

After a little, Mary resumed, earnestly—

"Madge, dear, I pray you may be warned by my unhappy experience, and never, never marry a man who touches the wine cup."

(To be Continued.)

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Question Corner.—No. 2.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

RIVERS.

1. Beside what brook did a king of Israel burn his mother's idol?
2. By what brook were the prophets of Baal slain?
3. By what brook was a prophet told to go and hide himself?
4. What rivers did a Syrian captain mention as he asked a question of a prophet of Israel?
5. What river is connected with the captivity of Israel under Pul and Tiglath Pileser?
6. By what river had the prophet Ezekiel several visions?
7. What river occupies the most prominent place in Bible history.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 1.

1. Dan. 10: 4.
2. Jer. 13: 4.
3. Gen. 15: 18.
4. Gen. 32: 22, 24.
5. Num. 22: 36.
6. Deut. 2: 13, 14.
7. 1 Sam. 3: 10.

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BY AN AFRICAN RIVER.

THE BIG BEASTS AND THEIR HISTORY.

It has been a stormy day. The small masses of blue-gray vapor which appeared on the horizon early in the afternoon, gathered gradually in thick banks of heavy threatening clouds, and suddenly spread over the whole sky, while peals of thunder echoed over the vast forest, and vivid lightning darted out of the black darkness. Then came the downpour, blinding, crushing, hissing in its relentless fury, and then a gentle, peaceful calm; the storm dispersed almost as suddenly as it had come, and the sun sank to rest among the few feathery clouds which still lingered, tinging them with a fiery red, fading into orange and a tender emerald green, till finally a weird, mystic gray overspread the sky as the twilight gave place suddenly to night.

It is not, however, a landscape familiar to us over which this transformation scene has taken place, for it was a tropical storm which burst over a mighty African river, the river Congo. The gorgeous flowers which glitter with the heavy raindrops would alone show that we are in tropical latitudes; the crimson-spiked cannas, the delicate pink anemones and the long hanging sprays of white and red musscendas; the tall, graceful palms overhanging the water, the tree-ferns and the rich, delicate creepers crowned by the curious calamus, or creeping-palm, with its bunches of scarlet dates—all tell of rich, rampant vegetation, while the hoarse croak of the crocodile, calling to his mate as night falls, strikes strangely on the ear.

Another change comes over the scene. The brilliant blue-green kingfishers have left the river, the parrots have ceased their chatter, the great blue plaintain-eater has gone to roost; and as the plaintive cry of the night-flying goat-sucker echoes through the forest, the fire-flies come out with their sparkling lights, and the pale moon rises slowly, throwing deep shadows from the forest trees and casting her silvery beams on the rippling water. Now is the time to look out for the big beasts which come down to drink in the quiet bend of the river, for now is their hour of activity, when the teasing flies are gone and the African natives in the scattered villages are asleep, and the cool, refreshing night-air invites the animals to take their bath.

The first to come is the stealthy leopard, creeping out of the dense brushwood. His black-spotted, orange-yellow hide stands out boldly in the moonlight against the background of velvety moss and ferns, over which he steps down to the water. He stoops to quench his thirst, but this is not his chief object, and he soon crouches down among the thick ferns, waiting for prey. He is not long in suspense, for soon a Cobus antelope comes shyly out of the brushwood down to the water's edge. One spring, one scream, and the gentle creature suffers no longer. The lithe and powerful leopard springs away with his meal, and the ruffled water settles down again and reflects the peaceful moonbeams.

And now a loud grunting and snorting are heard a little higher up the river, as a large company of hippopotami rise to the surface, and swimming into the shallows, slowly ascend the banks, making their way into the long grass to feed till morning dawns. These huge beasts are scarcely out of hearing, when a herd of buffaloes comes rushing down the narrow tracks in the forest, to drink in the upper part of the pool; and so the evening wears on, as one after another the thirsty animals refresh themselves in the cool stream.

At last a solemn stillness falls, and for some time nothing comes to break it; but at last, near midnight, a faint sound of crashing and tearing is heard, which grows stronger and stronger, accompanied by a dull, heavy tramp, like that of an army. It is the elephants, the monarchs of the forest, coming down to their nightly bath; and as they push along, they snap off the tops of the palm-trees to feed on the luscious dates, or tear up the young mimosa-trees to reach the tender foliage on their crown.

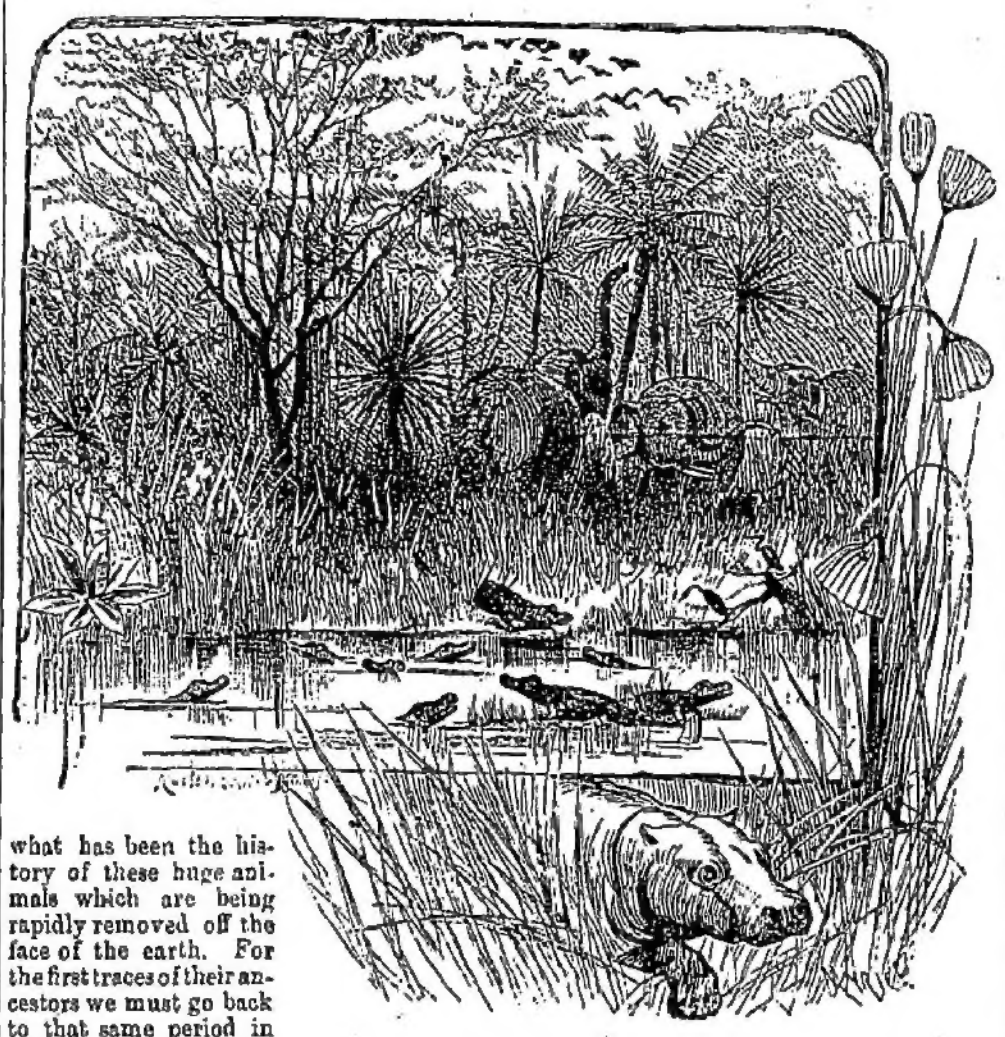
There seems a never-ending company, as they come in single file out of the forest, and plunge into the water, first drinking their fill, and then using their trunks to squirt refreshing fountains over their backs. They have come many long miles for this luxury, for they are far too cautious to frequent the river-banks by day, when the water is the highroad of native man. They have still half the night before them, and ere day dawns they will be back again in the deep secluded forest, perhaps twenty miles away.

How like creatures of a past age they look, as their huge forms appear, one after another, surging out of the water, so uncouth and antiquated with their heavy, flapping ears, long trunks and tusks and pillar-like legs.

And now on their homeward march the elephants have deviated slightly from their accustomed path, and a treacherous marsh, unnoticed by a giddy young elephant, threatens to give way under his feet. Already he is sinking up to his middle, but at his cry for help, an old elephant hastens up and keeping well to the side of the swamp, tears up a young tree by the roots and flings it across the dangerous morass; and by this means the rash adventurer gains a new foothold and can find his way back to firm ground.

So, dealing intelligently and with mutual help under all difficulties, the herd wends its way slowly and safely back to their usual haunts, and in the gray morning light, the elephants scatter over the surrounding country, to feed on the fresh, rain-washed, tender leaves.

Let us go back into past ages and inquire what has been the history of these huge animals which are being rapidly removed off the face of the earth. For the first traces of their ancestors we must go back to that same period in which we found the tiny ancestors of the horse and all those curiously rough forms of early mammalia. There in the territories of western America, just emerging from the cretaceous ocean, the dense forests of palms and pines, tree-ferns and sequoias, magnolias and tulip-trees, would form a tropical vegetation much like that among which the elephants live in Africa now. But these trees would be all of strange species, and the animals living among them stranger still; and not the least remarkable would be the huge beasts with tusks and horns, enormous skulls and very small brains, which were probably the ancestors both of the hoofed animals and the elephants.



BY AN AFRICAN RIVER.

How far these animals roamed over the world, we cannot tell, but in the next scene we are no longer in America, but in France, Germany, Greece or India, where we find three different kinds of elephants all living in tropical forests. One of these extinct elephants, the *Dinotherium*, with tusks bent downward, could probably dig for roots in the ground as hogs do now. The second (*Mastodon*) had teeth in some respects like hogs' teeth and a double set of tusks, and the third (*Elephas*) were more like the elephants of to-day. With these animals lived the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, taking possession of the plains, the forests and the rivers of Europe and Asia, with neither man nor animals to molest them, except perhaps the great sabre-toothed tiger.

In the next scene their descendants are masters of the globe. Far up in the frozen north of America as well as of Europe, in the desolate land of snow and ice, where a few scattered forests of firs and pine were their only source of food, herds of mammoths, huge animals thirteen feet high and fifteen long, covered with shaggy hair and bearing curved tusks eight feet in length and six-foot long trunks, shared the desolate tracts with the woolly rhinoceros. Here and there, when striving probably to walk over the treacherous marshy land or to swim across the half-frozen rivers, mammoth and rhinoceros shared the same fate, and were frozen firmly into the ice, like fruits imbedded in a transparent jelly, and remained preserved with hair, skin, bone and tusks complete, till in after ages man came and found their frozen mummies.

From these comfortless regions, down right into Auvergne, in France, and the Gulf of Mexico, in America, the mammoth roamed at will, but the woolly rhinoceros seems to have been his companion in Europe only. Another species lived in America, and further south, in Brazil and la Plata, smooth-skinned elephants took the place of their woolly-haired cousin; while in Europe the elephant, rhinoceros and hippopotamus grazed together in the valley of the Thames, and left their bones in the ground over which the pavements of London are now laid.

For this was the age of wild forest and grass-covered plains, the golden age of the big beasts, when man was of no account, when cities had no existence, and when the forest giants ruled supreme.

In the next scene the falling-off has begun. In America and Northern Europe the big beasts have disappeared, and from this time America and Europe know them no more till man brings them back as captives. In Africa and Southern Asia alone the elephant and rhinoceros keep their home so long as man does not destroy them, while the hippopotamus has taken refuge in the African rivers. And even in these countries the limits of their roaming-grounds are growing narrower and narrower. Closer and closer man presses in upon their secluded haunts, opens up their silent forests, and for the sake of his tusks, slaughters the noble elephant in such numbers that a day will come when he, too, will be extinct, and only his name and fame remain.

Let us hope that the hunters will spare him a few hundreds years longer; for of all the big beasts the elephant—probably from the use of his delicate trunk and his long life in which to accumulate experience—has become the most sagacious, thoughtful, patient and forbearing, and there is something pathetic in his appearance as he stands so quietly in shows to be "made sport of," like Samson of old, as he looks round on a modern world, once his kingdom, but now so strange and altered from the vast primeval forests in which his forefathers wandered.
—*Arabella B. Buckley, in Companion.*

IT IS THE THINKING ABOUT IT.

Mrs. Fowler was troubled about something. No one who noticed her tightly-clasped hands, her head bent eagerly forward, and the look of terror upon her worn face, could doubt that she was painfully excited. She had long been ailing, but not ill enough to be confined to her room or even the house.

Her complaint had puzzled the doctors, but now they had come to a conclusion about it. Her own medical man, Dr. Anderson, had just told her, as gently and cheerfully as possible, that it could be entirely cured.

"But," he added, "you must submit to an operation. It is not one of a very serious character, or likely to be followed by any painful results. In fact, it is done almost daily, and, of course, chloroform would be used with perfect safety in your case."

What a blessing it is that so many operations are rendered both possible and painless now-a-days, that could not have been performed without it.

The doctor's face beamed with kindness. His tones were cheery, his words were more than hopeful. They gave his listener all but positive assurance of freedom in the future from all that had harassed her in the past. No more sleepless nights and anxious days when this little affair was once over, but every prospect of prolonged life and renewed health.

Still, however, Mrs. Fowler's face retained its look of terror. Still her hands were tightly clasped, and the promise of future comfort and health seemed to have no power to remove the present dread.

Vainly did Dr. Anderson repeat the assurance, "You will have no pain, and the operation can be performed with almost a certainty of being followed by a perfect cure; and there is no danger to be dreaded."

The poor lady replied, "Doctor, it is the thinking about it that is so terrible. If it only could have been done without my being told what was coming, what a blessing that would have been to me. I shall have it always on my mind now. It will spoil my peace by day, and hinder sleep by night."

Dr. Anderson said all he could to cheer his patient. But though his words might guarantee that what she dreaded would be painless in itself, and invaluable in its results, he could not remove the sense of fear from her mind. All he was able to do, was to make the interval before the operation as short as possible.

When it was well over, and his patient was steadily regaining strength, the doctor remarked, "You know now that I told you the truth. There was nothing to dread, no pain to endure, and everything to hope for."

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Fowler, with a smile and an expression of heartfelt thankfulness for her returning health. "I was sure you were telling me the truth; I never doubted that for a moment. But for all that I could not drive the thought of what was coming from my mind. The thinking about it was far worse than the reality."

How often is this the case with us all. We give ourselves days, even years of anxiety through anticipating trouble which perhaps never comes, or when it does, finds us strong and able to bear it.

God says, "Whoso hearkeneth unto me, shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil."—*Friendly Greetings.*

ONE of the greatest difficulties which the average teacher experiences is that of preparing thoroughly the lesson. It can not be done as most other religious duties are performed—irregularly, or under the pressure of some wave of enthusiasm or good feeling that sweeps through the soul. It must be done regularly, systematically. The only way to do is to begin early in the week, and using every available five minutes, keep at it till the lesson has been looked all around and through. It is a task that will grow easier and more pleasant.

RUTH'S EXPERIMENT.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"Fire! Fire!"

The dread cry arose outside a row of small wooden tenement houses, in the dimness of the early winter morning. Out from a defective flue between two dwellings the flames burst furiously, so quickly wrapping the dry wood in its pitiless embrace that the frightened occupants had barely time to escape with their lives and such articles of clothing as they could seize; and before help had arrived the families on either side had been driven out in a condition almost equally destitute. Then floods of water, directed by strong and skilful hands, beat down the advancing foe, and four families beheld a mass of smoking, dripping, steaming, icy ruins, in place of what they had called home.

One of the families was soon sought out by relatives living in the town; the other three taken in and divided up among the dwellers in the remaining tenements. The shivering children were tenderly cared for, and help cheerfully bestowed by those who had little to spare, for the poor are kind to each other, and in such emergencies gather near with warm hearts and willing hands which might well shame their better-off brethren.

"What is to be done for them?" said Mrs. Ward, in whose visiting district the disaster had occurred, on her return home from a visit to the suffering. She sat down with a despairing clasp of the hands, as two young girls who were in the room waited for her to go on.

"Four families left entirely destitute. Six children in one, four in another, three and that poor consumptive man in another, and the fourth with two old parents to support. They just managed to live on their daily earnings, and now that all their small belongings are gone, how can they ever get a start again?"

"What can we do?" asked her daughter Ruth, who was always ready to enter heartily into her mother's labors.

"That is the question, Ruth, but there is so much to be done I don't know what to think of first. "We must hunt up some clothing and you can do some sewing for those children. I suppose the society will become responsible for the rent of other rooms when they find them."

"But what can they put there?" asked Katherine Dunham. "They can't live in bare rooms."

"I don't know, I'm sure. We can hunt up something, and I know a few others who will. There's that bed up in the garret, Ruth—and the old cook-stove. But there's so much needed, you see!"

"Yes," said Katherine. "It would come hard on a few, but if a great many would help just by giving what they could spare it would be easy enough. I don't believe there's a family in town but has things they would be glad to give. But how can we get them all to help?"

"I'll tell you!" said Ruth, springing up with great animation. "Let's go 'round, Katherine, you and I, to every house in town and mildly suggest that we will give each mistress the opportunity of helping the burnt-out people. Why couldn't we mamma?"

"Something of the kind might be done, I suppose," said her mother, meditatively.

"It would be the very best way," went on Ruth, eagerly. "And I don't mean just a few, but give everybody a chance. We'll go to the houses, Kate, and say: 'Please, Madam, or Sir, or Miss, have you anything to give? Everything thankfully received, from a bedstead or a washtub to a tin dipper or a tallow candle; bric-a-brac, toilet soap and mouse-traps excepted.' I'll do it if you will. We ought to go this very day."

"Stop, Ruth," said her mother, with a laugh. "Your plan certainly has some good points in it, for, I dare say, there are many who would be glad to be called upon, but we must think first."

"I've thought it all out, mamma. We'll have an express-waggon going around with us, so people won't be bothered about sending what they give. Now, mamma, do say we may try it."

"Now that I think of it," went on Mrs. Ward, "poor Pat Flynn, the father of one of the burnt-out families, drives an express-waggon."

"And of course that isn't burnt," said Ruth, "and of course he'll be glad enough to use it."

"But you must go about it with judgment. People are not going to give, you know, unless they are sure their gifts are to fall into responsible hands."

More talk followed, the result being that a hasty visit was made to two or three friends and co-workers, after which to each of the two daily papers in the town was sent a notice which read something like this:

"Four families are left destitute by the tenement house fire in —— street. Contributions for their relief are earnestly solicited, and a waggon will to-morrow pass through the streets to receive such articles as may be offered by those whom God hath blessed with home and comforts. Anything in the way of furniture, bedding, clothing and provisions, will be thankfully received. The undersigned have undertaken to see to it that all gifts shall be wisely and fairly bestowed."

Followed by a few names well known as belonging to those always standing ready to help in time of need.

"It looks like a more serious business than I thought it," said Ruth, as after breakfast the next morning the two girls stepped out of Mrs. Ward's door to find Pat Flynn waiting with his waggon.

The winter morning was only moderately cold, but in its chill and cloudiness the thing seemed less pleasant and less promising than when sitting in a bright room they had talked themselves into a glow of enthusiasm over it, and even Ruth would gladly have given up her grand scheme. But she had long ago found that real work is not done for pleasure and excitement, and whispering to herself, "It is for the Lord's poor—the Lord's poor," she urged forward the half hesitating Katherine, proposing that they should take different sides of the street, and promptly make known their errand.

"No, I ain't seen the paper," said a sharp-featured woman, in answer to her first modest appeal, "and I ain't anything to give."

The mistress of the next house was deaf and after Ruth's best efforts to make herself understood assured her with a half-offended air that she was in need of neither furniture, bedding, clothing nor provisions.

She came out and looked around for Katherine, somewhat cheered at receiving a satisfied nod as she emerged from a house across the way, followed by Pat with a chair and a bundle and encouraging smiles from a woman at the door. Several further visits were made upon people who seemed to regard the girls very much in the light of persons seeking charity for themselves.

Ruth was afraid Katherine would give it all up, but found that her friend, not easy to "stir up," was as little inclined to give up when once stirred.

The morning was far gone before enough small comforts had been secured to make anything of a figure in Pat's big waggon.

"Ah, it's you, is it?" said a good natured looking woman. "Yes, I've seen your advertisement—kind enough in you, I'm sure—poor souls!—burnt out of everything! Yes, I've been making up a washtub of things for you, things to eat—see? My husband's a grocer, and says he: 'Don't stint if they come 'round here, which I hope they will, for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and we want to come in for our share of it—the love, I mean. Yes, and the wash-board's along too, and soap, so's if anybody wants to go to work they can. Yes, if ever you're on a like errand again be sure to come our way. Stop—I'll speak to some of the other folks for you. You must be clear beat out being on your feet."

She rushed into some of the neighboring houses and her lively tongue and hearty good-will soon showed results as articles began to pour out. Furniture large and small appeared. It was a precinct thickly settled by thrifty tradesmen and mechanics, and the interest once awakened spread rapidly. The December sun shone out its approval of what was going on and surely added its aid in cheering on the good work. People after giving stood to watch while others gave, and then thought of something else which could be spared without being felt, or of something which could be spared even although felt, and ran back for more.

Around a corner came a merry crowd of school children just let loose. They gazed curiously while Pat, with many a droll bit of Irish wit, piled things on the waggon, finding room for one thing more long after it was overflowing. As he set a small chair on the very top, a child ran up with a big shabby doll, which he seated in it and moved carefully on. The boys raised a cheer and then a drum was heard, and with a waving flag the youngsters constituted themselves an escort of honor.

"Stop along here," cried eager voices on the next block.

"It's full intirely we are," said Pat with a grin.

But another man stepped up to the girls, who were walking slowly forward.

"I haven't much of anything to spare," he said, "but I can give a lift with my waggon. I was burnt out myself once. Hurrah!" He raised his voice. "Bring on your things. Plenty of room."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" echoed the boys. No further effort by Ruth and Katherine was needed. They went home and had finished dinner by the time the two loaded waggons passed on their way to the place where the division was to be made.

"You're not going out again?" asked Mrs. Ward. "You will be worn out."

"Yes," said Katherine.

"Yes," said Ruth, "we must finish what we have begun. And it is not so hard as you would think. The beginning was the hardest. As we go along we find enough people who know what we are doing to stir up others, and the work almost does itself. We must strike into another part of town this afternoon."

"I was afraid you might not come this way," said the mistress of a pretty house. "I have some new furniture lately, and would like to have you look at what I have done with." She led the way to a lumber-room over the stable. "Now, what do you want of all this?"

"Dear me!" said Ruth, looking around on the chairs, bedsteads and other things, scarcely knowing what to say.

"Can you use it all?" asked the other, laughing. "I shall be glad to get rid of it, but you go on—I will send it. No—don't say thank you. It is you who are doing the giving."

"Here's a bundle of little clothes," said a sad-faced young woman, drawing Katherine to one side. "I thought I never could give them away, but it's better than keeping them locked up. There's everything a little child needs, and warm." Katherine pressed her hand in quick sympathy, and then turned to thank some one else for a bird-cage and a picture of General Jackson, then to listen to another who spoke of some dishes which could be spared, going into the house to help pack them in a clothes-basket. Catching sight, as she did so, of Ruth, running after Pat to tell him that a bag of apples which he had placed on the top of a chair which stood on a kitchen table, had come untied and was spilling its contents along the street.

It was easier making a beginning in the afternoon work, for more people understood what was being done, and sooner caught the spirit of it. "Many littles makes a mickle," said Katherine, as small offerings poured in from every side with but few solicitations. Those who could not give much were glad to add their mite to the general supply, and every heart glowed with the warmth which arises from the doing of deeds of kindness to those whose way in life has been shadowed by poverty and privation.

"They're all settled, poor things," said Mrs. Ward, coming into the room and finding Ruth and Katherine, one evening about a week later. "And more comfortable than they ever thought of being before There are some things left over, too, which have to be stored away for some other need. Some of the ladies of the sewing society suggest that we should consider them the nucleus of an old furniture society—almost as needful as old clothes. But they all agreed that you two are the ones to be consulted in the matter. And I met Mrs. Rider to-day and she asked me why you hadn't been along their street."

"I hope you told her so much was given that we were not obliged to."

"I told her that perhaps you would give her a call after the next fire."

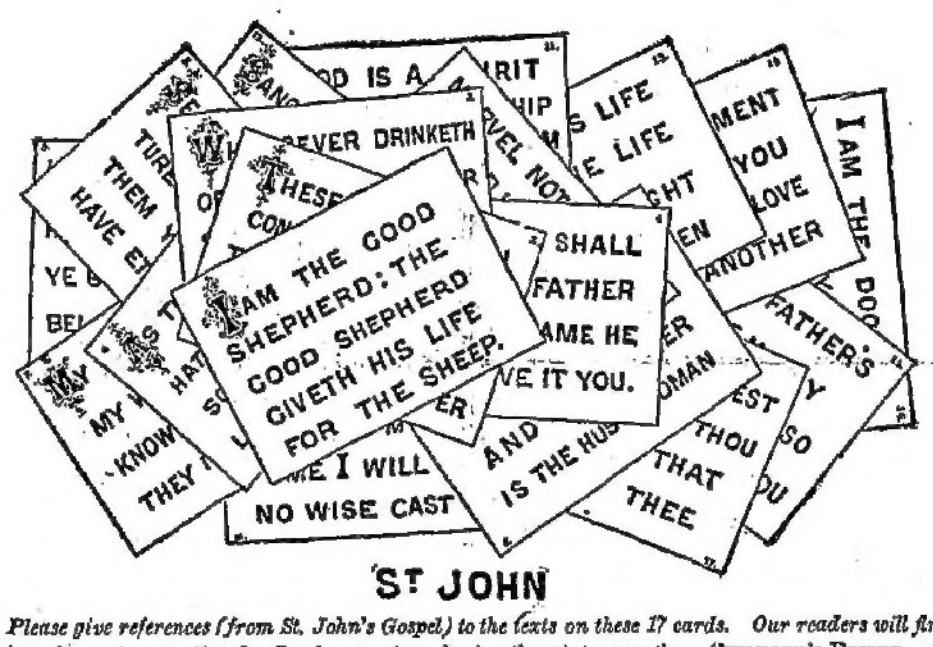
"Shall we ever try it again, Ruth?"

"I will if you will. I am glad we did it."

"I wonder if two girls ever did the like before."

"Perhaps not, but I don't see why it should not be done again."

"It has worked well," said her mother. —*Standard.*



Please give references (from St. John's Gospel) to the texts on these 17 cards. Our readers will find this a pleasant occupation for Sunday evenings during the winter months.—CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THE CRUELTIES OF HEATHENISM.

"Every now and then," says the Rev. A. J. Wookey, of Molepolole, "one comes unexpectedly on some of the horrid customs of heathenism. A short time ago, at the out-station on the Kolobeng, where my native teacher Mosiemang lives, a woman died leaving a baby a week or two old. The poor little thing was put to the dead mother's breast, and then buried alive with it. This is a Sechuana custom practised to this day. Another woman had twins, and one of these was to be killed, but the teacher interfered, and its life was saved. It is the heathen custom to kill one or both of twins. Babies are killed, too, for a number of other reasons. But in this case we published the names of the Chief and the people, who had been doing this, in the Kuruman newspaper in Sechuana, and the consequence is that there is great consternation and anger against the teacher for having made known such things. Native public opinion has so far advanced in the country that making such things known will help to put a stop to them."—*Missionary Chronicle.*

A SAVING OF SEVEN PERCENT.

A large Irish coach and cab proprietor once read a paper on the economy of travelling by his system. At the meeting he was asked whether the working of a horse more than ten miles a day for each day in the week would be injurious to it. His reply was:

"I can work a horse ten miles a day for six days of the week, much better than eight miles a day for seven days in the week; so that by not working on the Sabbath, I effect a saving of nearly seven percent."—*Herald of Mercy.*

POEM FOR RECITATION.

WHAT THE GRANDPA TOLD.

The maples stand robed in scarlet,
  Yonder tree has a crown of fire
Like the burning bush that Moses saw,
  Only lifting its branches higher.
We walk on a gorgeous carpet,
  Green, russet, amber and gold,
And, Roger, my boy, this day of days,
  To-day, you are twelve years old.

"Come, let us walk together,
  My hand on your shoulder, so—
Down the lane, through the churchyard gate—
  You know the way we shall go.
How the dead leaves rustle underfoot!
  Does that sound give you cheer?
'Tis a sound that has saddened my weary heart
  This many and many a year.

"The world seems steeped in sunlight,
  Over all is a dreamy haze,
And the deep and brooding stillness
  Known only to Sabbath days.
Slacken your strong young steps a bit,
  You are younger than I, you know;
But the years do not stand still with you,
  And, Roger, how tall you grow!

"You know the end of the journey,
  The spot 'neath the cyprus-tree,
We have often been here together,
  Who knows it so well as we?
Ah! how the leaves lie heaped here
  Just at the foot of this stone;
Stoop down, my boy, and clear them away
  From the spot that is all our own.

"Here let us stand together—
  My heart has a heavy weight—
And read once more on the stone this side,
  'John Archer, twenty-eight.'
And then, how the one at the other side
  Records a younger life,
You have traced the letters often—
  'In memory of Clara, his wife.'

'Your father and mother, Roger,
  You knew they were resting here,
But not the story my heart has held
  For many a weary year.
You are like your father, grandson,
  John was my only boy,
But early he learned to love the cup
  That cheers but to destroy.

"And bravely he struggled, but he was weak,
  And many a time he fell,
But he loved your mother so fondly
  We thought that all was well;
We thought it was well till he came one night
  On the back of a fiery horse
That threw him down on his own doorstone,
  And left him there—a corpse!

"That night you were only one day old,
  Your mother died next day,
And all through the long and weary night
  The same sad words she would say,
Over and over, and sadder still—
  She died next day at seven—
Over and over—'No drunkard
  Inherits the kingdom of heaven.'

"We buried them both when the autumn leaves
  Fell on the coffin lid,
And never surely two lovelier forms
  The dust of the earth has hid.
And I tell you this to-day, Roger,
  Because you are twelve years old,
Old enough for the story
  To be plainly and fully told.

"Rise up, my boy, and hush your sobs,
  The ground grows damp and chill,
There's something I shall ask of you
  To do with a hearty will;
To place your hand on the Bible,
  And solemnly declare
You never, never'll taste the curse
  While God your life shall spare."

They passed through the rustling autumn leaves,
  The young head bending low,
The step of the old man feeble,
  And tottering, and slow,
Out through the gate of the churchyard,
  And sadder seemed the place;
Sad, but I hoped for that young life,
  And so, took heart of grace.

I would that a note of warning
  Through all the land might go,
That all young life might shun the curse
  That laid "John Archer" low.
That the words' deep, awful meaning
  In even one heart find home—
"No drunkard shall ever inherit
  The kingdom of God to come."
—*Emily Baker Small, in Pansy.*

THE BRANDY TAP.

A young brazier was engaged in repairing a brass tap which was very much honey-combed, as though it had been used for very powerful acids. A friend who had just looked in remarked, "That tap has been used for brandy. It is a well-known fact that a brandy tap will not wear half as long as any other. No wonder that the stomachs of brandy-drinkers are so soon eaten away." The visitor was right. The honey-combed tap came from the neighboring distillery!—*Friendly Visitor.*

THE NEW ZEALAND EARTHQUAKE.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S FAMILY.

In the *Leisure Hour* there is a lengthy and graphic narrative, by Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, of the terrible upheaval of Mount Tarawera, in New Zealand, last June, the following extracts from which will be read with interest:—

Happily, on this night of terror there were in that village many who were ready to welcome the summons of their Lord in whatever manner He might see fit to send it. Amongst these was the excellent schoolmaster, Mr. Hazard, who, with his wife and grown-up daughters, took the keenest interest in the welfare of the people, tending them in sickness, and endeavoring to influence them for good. By their exertions sixty children were induced to attend the school, where every effort was used so to train the rising generation as to arm them against the flood of evil which it seemed altogether hopeless to stem in the case of their seniors, continually encouraged in

THE HONEY-COMBED TAP.

hard drinking and vice as these have been by the stream of foreigners, for whose gold they so greedily craved. Mr. Hazard was a staunch "Blue Ribbon" man, and did his utmost to awaken the Maoris to a sense of shame at their ever-increasing habits of drunkenness.

For eight years the Hazards had lived at Wairoa, and touchingly pathetic is the story of their last evening—that still, starlit evening—in their peaceful little home, with its pretty garden, with the waving white plumes of Pampas grass and tall New Zealand flax. It was the mother's birthday, and the family, consisting of about eight persons, including the children, and also one or two friends, had spent a cheerful evening together, and had but recently retired to rest, when the terrible earthquake shocks commenced.

The elder daughters hurried to their parents' room, where their father soothed and tried to reassure them. The whole household being soon astir, all met in the family sitting-room, where they relighted the fire, the night being intensely cold, and then watched the awful light from Tarawera and the rapidly ensuing darkness. Then, amid the raging tumult of crashing thunder, subterranean rumblings, and the terrible hailstorm of fiery cinders, Miss Hazard opened the harmonium and played familiar hymn-tunes, and for the last time the united family sang Luther's well-known words of faith and trust.

Soon the violence of the hurricane made it necessary to extinguish the fire. Then, as the noise became more deafening, and the earthquake shocks and the incessant thud of falling mud more and more alarming, they crowded together in the centre of the room, thinking the ridge of the roof would longest resist the crushing weight; but after a while, with a frightful crash, the ceiling fell in, and they were all separated. The two elders sisters, Clara and Ina, escaped separately, one with the old Maori woman, and the other with two gentlemen. The former was kept alive by the devotion with which the woman knelt by her, scooping up the falling ashes and mud which would have suffocated her, as she lay helpless. The latter took shelter beneath a doorway until a shower of red-hot cinders, falling on their ruined home, set fire to one end of it. Apparently, however, the wet mud, which lay to a depth of eight feet on the roof, prevented the fire from spreading.

Beneath that roof their parents were separately imprisoned in horrible darkness. The father seems to have been killed instantaneously, and so, probably, was a little five-year-old nephew. But the mother, with her three youngest children, was held captive by a falling beam, just as they had been sitting: little Mona in her mother's arms crying bitterly because of the beam which was crushing her, and which prevented their moving; Adolphus, aged ten, on her right hand, and Winifrid, aged six, on the left, while the scalding mud dripped down through the rafters. The brave boy tried to comfort his mother in that black night. "I will die with you," he said. But for her was reserved the sore trial of life, after hearing all those loved voices silenced, one by one; and still for long hours the mother sat clasping the dead body of her youngest darling, conscious that the other two had also been taken from her, and wholly ignorant of the fate of her husband and elder daughter. It was almost noon ere a rescue party succeeded in excavating her from her mud tomb, alive, but terribly injured, when she was carried to Ohinematu, where her daughter and all the other fugitives were being cared for.

There were deeply pathetic scenes on that awful night in many a Maori home—none more touching than the death of Mary, the young wife of Mohi. At the time of the eruption they, with their two little sons, were in the chief's large weather-board house but when it began to fall they sought safety by flight to their own thatched cottage, such being found far more secure in case of earthquakes. Each carried one child. There they knelt together, committing themselves and their little ones to the care of the Christian God. Then, wrapping a shawl round the elder boy and laying him on the floor, Mohi knelt over him, himself resting on his hands and knees, so that his body might protect the child from the mud which was now falling in masses through the broken roof. Close by his side, but invisible in the dense darkness, his wife likewise strove to protect the younger boy. After a while the weight of mud and pebbles became too great for the endurance of even the strong man, so, making a desperate effort, he rose, calling to his wife to do likewise, that they might seek safety elsewhere. But no voice answered him, for the mother and her child were both dead. Afterwards their bodies were recovered, Mary sitting with her arms extended in the vain effort to shield her little one.

AN ANECDOTE OF GARIBALDI.

One evening in 1861, as General Garibaldi was going home, he met a Sardinian shepherd, lamenting the loss of a lamb out of his flock. Garibaldi at once turned to his staff and announced his intention of scouring the mountains in search of the lamb. A grand expedition was organized. Lanterns were brought, and old officers of many a campaign started off full of zeal to hunt the fugitive. But no lamb was found, and the soldiers were ordered to their beds. The next morning Garibaldi's attendant found him in bed fast asleep. He was surprised at this, for the general was always up before anybody else. The attendant went off softly, and returned in half-an-hour. Garibaldi still slept. After another delay the attendant waked him. The general rubbed his eyes, and so did his attendant, when he saw the old warrior take from under the covering the lost lamb, and bid him convey it to the shepherd. The general had kept up the search through the night until he had found it.

UP IN THE CONGO COUNTRY.

A young colored woman is teaching a mission school, and her story is well worth telling. She was sent out by the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the United States two or three years ago. This colored girl was a graduate of the high school in Detroit, a fine scholar, and one of the best in her class. She was very anxious to go to college, and, after thinking about the possibilities of doing so she and her mother determined to move to Ann Arbor. Her mother supported herself by taking in washing, and her daughter helped her in her labors when she was out of recitations. Before leaving college she had been impressed with the thought that it was her duty to go to the benighted people of her own race, and she offered her services to the Woman's Board. She was accepted, and her mother, not wishing to be left alone, took the money she had saved and went with her daughter. The young woman is doing good work, and writes many cheery letters to the members of the Board who sent her out.

DR. HIDEN, in the *Western Recorder*, tells of a certain church-member whose business absorbed his entire time and energies. His little three-year-old girl, who was speculating on the question which of her relatives were likely to go to heaven, said, "Well, I reckon mamma will go, and Sister Mary, and Aunt Susan, and papa!—No, I don't reckon he will go, because he can't leave the store"

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Witness

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Calendar 1887.

January.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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